THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 17, 1800.

HISTORY *of* ST. STEPHEN's CHAPEL.

(Continued from Page 255.)

THE proviſion of ultra-marine, foil, burniſhed gold, and every gaudy colour in the rainbow, muſt originally have been ſo painfully ſplendid in St. Stephen's Chapel as to dazzle the eye, and give a ſtronger impreſſion of one of the enchanted palaces we read of in the Arabian Nights, than of a Chriſtian temple.

Moſt part of it was probably the work of foreigners; but yet, that we had even then ſome artiſts in this country capable of performing ſome part of the work, ſeems implied by a mandate, or precept, which Edward III. ſent to a nobleman, giving him the power of iſſuing orders to compel all ſuch as were capable of carvyng, peynting, or gylding, &c. &c. in any part of the realm, to aſſiſt in completing his chapel, which he meant to be the paragon of the univerſe.

It has been generally ſuppoſed, that John Van Eyk was the firſt perſon who mixed his colours with oil, and his diſcovery is ſaid to have been made about the year 1410; but by ſome records ſtill remaining in the Exchequer, the ſums paid for the building and decoration of the edifice, in which the paintings were all in oil, appear to have been in the year 1348 and 1349, at which time Edward III. rebuilt and converted it into a collegiate chapel.

The altar was of plain ſtone, without any decorations, and probably covered with embroidered velvet; for from the

profuſion of ornament with which the walls were covered, we may fairly conclude it was in the moſt ſplendid ſtyle.

The firſt picture to the north-eaſt repreſents a man in gold armour, holding a white horſe, and looking up to a picture of the King, who, with a ſceptre in his right hand, and the pix-box in his left, is making an oblation to the Virgin. The ſceptre is ſurmounted with a dove, though in the ſeals of that day the ſceptre of Edward has not that diſtinction. One of the two figures behind was in red, the other in blue ſtockings; they are probably intended to repreſent two noblemen following in the ſuite of the King. Before him is a female figure, ſuppoſed to be the Queen, with a crown before her, and in a ſupplicating poſture at the feet of the Virgin, who is repreſented as ſeated in a curious Gothic chair, with the infant Jeſus in her arms. Edward, in a black robe, ſpangled with blue covered with foil, and ſhoes powdered with pearl, is repreſented in a ſupplicating poſture, with his hands claſped; and on the ſiniſter ſide is the patron ſaint, St. George, aſſiſting him in his devotions, and intimating by his action, that the King muſt look up to Heaven. Part of an inſcription beneath has been obliterated, but the words Mounſeyer le Roi and Seynt George are partly viſible.

Six arched niches below the King, &c. are occupied by knights, moſtly in gilt armour, with their proper badges and heraldic coats. In the north-eaſt corner beyond is repreſented a boy dreſt in white, and holding a large taper. There was originally another figure, but it has been deſtroyed to make room for a flue. Towards the north entrance is a figure with wings compoſed of peacock's feathers, beautifully coloured, and richly gilt. The back ground is azure, emboſſed with ſpider ſtars. The glory, which is round the head of this, as well as ſeveral other figures, is of bright burniſhed gold; their dreſſes are blue, green, or red, emboſſed with ſmall pateras or other devices in white and gold. Several of them hold before them a ſort of mantle, on which are various devices: on one are elephants and caſtles in burniſhed gold, in alluſion to the Caſtile family. It is worthy of remark, that the artiſt, not knowing the figure of this animal, has invariably made the proboſcis taper the wrong way—ſmall at the part next the head, and gradually enlarging to the end, which is ſhaped like a trumpet. The mantles are red and blue, and ſome of them decorated with ſpread eagles, others with doves, others with dragons, and on one is a gilt pelican with red wings and claws, in the act of piercing its own breaſt, but without the young ones under it.

On

On each ſide of one of the north doors are two angels, and a boy holding a taper, in tolerable preſervation. All theſe figures are under pointed arches of a form ſo pure, elegant, and pictureſque, that we cannot help recommending them to the ſerious contemplation of all ſuch architects as wiſh to produce a proper effect from the introduction of the order which has been generally and vulgarly ſtyled Gothic.

Over the figures, on an inverted freize, are the armorial bearings of the royal family, nobility, &c. on eighteen ſhields. The ſeries commences with the croſs of St. George; then follow the arms of the Eaſt Angles, of Edward the Confeſſor, of Edward III. impaled with thoſe of his Queen, Philippa of Hainault. Royal arms, ſuppoſed to be thoſe of Edward the Black Prince: three other royal arms, ſuppoſed to be his brothers, but partly effaced by time. From the other ſhields, we have ſelected thoſe of ſuch of the nobles, &c. as were honoured with the order of the garter, which was inſtituted in this reign: Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaſter. Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, died 1369. Ralph Stafford, Earl of Stafford, ditto 1373, William Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury, ditto 1396. Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, ditto 1360. James Audley, Lord Audley, ditto 1396. Sir John Chandos, K. B. 1370.

The laſt ſhield is that of Lord Clifford, of Weſtmoreland; two of them are ſo much defaced, that they cannot be aſcertained.

Between each of the ſhields are ſmall groteſque paintings, on ſubjects ſomewhat ſimilar to thoſe of Breugel d'Enfer, or Hell Beughel, ſome of them of a nature not very fit for the decoration of a place of worſhip, though not worſe than the carvings on the ſeats in Henry VIIth's chapel. They are painted and ſhadowed in lake, on a *vert* ground. Above the ſhields was an open battlement, filled with ſtained glaſs of various colours, interſperſed with flowers, ſprigs, leaves, &c. and ſo perfectly vitrified, that the colours in ſome caſes have penetrated half through the glaſs, which is not ground, but of a very uneven thickneſs; in one part of the pane near two inches, and in another, not half an inch.

The firſt picture on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of the altar, is the firſt miracle of turning water into wine, at the marriage at Cana. The painter has beautifully delineated Jeſus Chriſt as a youth, with a glory, which gives additional light to the head.

The ſubject of the next picture, though not quite ſo obvious, is in all probability from the book of Job, 1ſt chap. 19, where the meſſenger acquainting him with the various and afflicting calamities of his houſe, thus continues,—"And behold there came a great winde from the wilderneſſe, and ſmote the four corners of the houſe, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead, and I only am eſcaped alone to tell thee." Admitting this to be the ſubject, the Devil is here repreſented as coming in the north wind.

Another of this ſeries repreſents the Nativity. In the hand of the angel appearing to the ſhepherds, is a ſcroll, on which ſomewhat appears to have written, but is eraſed. The angels have blue wings; one of them appears to be playing on two pipes, which are faſtened together by a ſtring that hangs looſe. Among other improprieties which yet have been ſanctioned by the greateſt painters, we find in this picture a moſt ſplendid vermillion counterpane. Some of the ſhepherds are kneeling in humble adoration: ſome of thoſe beneath, are rearing up long forked rods, or ſtakes, to make a ſheep-pen, and one of them careſſing a lamb.

In the next picture, of the Preſentation, the Virgin is arrayed in a beautiful blue and brown drapery, and making the offering of a dove. The head of Joſeph in this pictue is admirably painted: perhaps better than any thing in the chapel.

To accord with the King and St. George on the other ſide, are four figures of females in the dreſſes of the day; one, ſuppoſed to be Queen Philippa; the face, head-dreſs, &c. being ſimilar to her monument in Weſtminſter Abbey.

Three ſaints, ſimilar to thoſe before deſcribed, were painted under three moſt elegant pointed arches. Over what is ſuppoſed to have been the royal entrance, are the arms of Edward on a ſtone canopy, ſuperbly gilt and painted. One of the pictures repreſents a boy in white, ſwinging an incenſe pot.

The antiquarians are ſomewhat at a loſs about the portrait generally ſaid to be Richard II. for though it certainly bears a reſemblance to the portrait in the Jeruſalem Chamber, which is conſidered as authentic; yet, admitting theſe decorations to have been made in 1349, it cannot be intended for Richard, who was not born until 1366.

They are alſo puzzled about the names, Euſtace and Mercure, which were inſcribed under two figures in the chapel. As to the firſt indeed, he might be a Chriſtian knight; but for the ſecond,—

"Although

" Although the name is neither new nor rare,
" We wonder how the Devil it came there!"

Query, might not theſe two names form part of an inſcription, which has been partly obliterated by time, and might contain alluſions to either heathen deities, or any thing elſe?

Behind the gallery were two gilt and painted plinths, exquiſitely ornamented, with canopies over them, ſimilar to thoſe in the beautiful little chapel belonging to the Speaker. In the brackets that ſupport the arches, is a moſt beautiful and picturesque variety: ſome of them are compoſed of vine leaves; others of roſe buds, cut underneath; and oak leaves, with acorns for the center ornaments; all richly gilt, and the internal parts paſt over with vermillion; which from its peculiar adheſion to the ſtone, has been here generally laid on as a back ground. The pateras ſeem to have been made of ſome kind of compoſition, put on wet, and ſtamped upon the wall, and gilt and coloured when dry. The back grounds except in the Scripture hiſtories, preſent no attempt at perſpective, but round the outline is raiſed ſomewhat higher than the figure. The armorial enſigns are invariably painted on a rich gold ground; by which means, ſome of the colours which were originally blue, or ſable, have turned to a ſort of green. Many of them, as well as the other pictures, have ſince their being laid open, ſuffered very much from the too frequent application of a wet ſponge: but fortunately for the lovers of heraldry, the blazonry, &c. has been taken by Mr. Richards, of the Exchequer, whoſe univerſality of acquirement, and accuracy of inveſtigation, are too well known to require any encomium.

With reſpect to the other pictures, decorations, &c. Mr. John Thomas Smith, engraver of "The Antiquities of London," had, at the time the alterations in the chapel commenced, the permiſſions of the ſurveyors of his Majeſty's works, to make drawings from the whole; which he has availed himſelf of in the fulleſt extent, by copying all, even the minuteſt parts, which he means to publiſh.

ACCOUNT *of the* ISLAND *of* ORMUS.

A Gentleman in the ſuite of Colonel Malcolm, who was lately deputed by the Supreme Government of India Ambaſſador to the Court of Perſia, gives the following account

count of the once celebrated iſland Ormus, in a letter lately received. "The Portugueſe, under Albuquerque, took poſſeſſion of this iſland in 1507, and were expelled by Shah Abbas, with the aſſiſtance of the Engliſh, in 1622. It was at that time the emporium of the Eaſt, and was ſuppoſed to be the richeſt mart in the world; it ſhortly, however, fell into decay in the hands of the Perſians; and when Thevenot viſited it in 1665, it was a place of little or no importance. When we arrived here on the 14th of March, the appearance of the place was an oblong fort, which was built by the Portugueſe, and has lately received conſiderable repairs from Imaum of Muſcat, who obtained poſſeſſion of it about four years ago. It is ſituated on a narrow neck of land jetting into the ſea, by which the walls are waſhed on the northern and eaſtern fronts. To the eaſt and ſouth it has a ditch, about eight feet deep, and fifteen yards broad, which is filled by the tide.

"On the outſide are a few ſtraggling huts, forming a pettah, round which they are at preſent building a ſlight wall, flanked by round towers, at equal diſtances. A chain of hills run entirely acroſs the iſland, at the diſtance of about a mile and a half from the fort; the whole ground is one continued ruin, and, from all appearances, there has been formerly a large city, from four to five miles in circumference, of which not a ſingle houſe was ſtanding. What is particularly ſingular is, that not a ſpring of freſh water is to be found in the iſland, (which is fifteen miles in circumference; every houſe had formerly a ciſtern, which caught the rain as it fell, and ſerved till a freſh ſupply was received from the clouds."

A full and intereſting Narrative of the Providential Eſcape of Charles Sturt, Eſq. Member of Parliament for Bridport, on the 20th of September, 1800.

WEYMOUTH, 1800.

SATURDAY, September 20, his Majeſty, with the Queen and Royal Family, went on board the Cambrian frigate; the St. Fiorenzo and Syren ſaluted; at ten the three frigates ſlipped and ſtood to ſea on the larboard tack; about a quarter after I got under ſail, and ſtood for the Cambrian, the ſtandard flying on board her: kept on her quarter, and ſailed at times round her; half after ten ſaw Mr. Weld's yacht to leeward

beating to windward, and bore away towards her; on coming on her weather quarter hauled my wind, and failed in company with her, obſerved ſhe fore-reached me, but I joined to windward; at a little before eleven paſſed under the ſtern of the Cambrian, Mr. Weld's cutter under my lee bow; his boat being in and top-maſt ſtruck, ſhe felt no impediment whatever; my boat aſtern, I obſerved, impeded my ſailing conſiderably; the ſea running too high, was afraid to hoiſt her in; however, ſtruck my top-maſt and made all ſnug. Both cutters ſtanding to ſea, about eleven, two leagues from land, the King's frigates had worn and ſtood to Weymouth Bay: Feeling anxious to beat Mr. Weld's cutter, which I ſaw I ſhould do, could I get rid of my boat, I propoſed to one of my ſailors to jump in and carry her to Weymouth; at this he heſitated and refuſed—I obſerved, "You, my lads, you have known me long enough to be ſatisfied I would not order you to do a thing I would not readily do myſelf; therefore, reef the ſail, ſlip the maſt, I will go myſelf." This was ſoon done; I took my pocket compaſs; on jumping into the boat, Ben aſked me if I would have another coat on? "Oh, no, no, never mind, Ben, I can ſwim in this as well as any I have." Got into the boat, left my yacht, ordering my maſter to attend and do his beſt to beat Mr. Weld's; hoiſted my ſail and ſteered N. N. E. to get clear of the Shambles; found a conſiderable ſea running, but nothing but what the boat could weather with eaſe (for ſhe never ſhipped a thimblefull of water till I came to the Shambles). A very ſtrong ebb tide carried me to the weſtward, and on for the Shambles, which I wiſhed to avoid; put before the wind, but being under a very low ſail, could not ſtem the tide; dared not quit the helm to let the reefs out of the ſail, for fear of broaching to; the tide hawling me dead on the Shambles, where the ſea was running tremendouſly high, and breaking horribly, no time to be loſt. Senſible of my danger, convinced I could neither get to the eaſtward or to the weſtward of them, I prepared to meet the danger; and, to make my boat as lively as poſſible, threw overboard my ballaſt, which likewiſe would prevent her from ſinking to the bottom; the diſmal ſound of the breakers I began to hear, and ſoon ſaw them right a-head: aware of the danger, and convinced my boat could not exiſt many minutes, and nothing but the interpoſition of Providence ſave me, to divert my thoughts from the horrid idea of death, I began ſinging the ſea ſong "Ceaſe, rude Boreas," at the ſame time keeping the boat's quarter to the ſurf; as I was ſinging

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the ſecond verſe, a dreadful ſea all foaming took my boat on her larboard quarter, ſheered aweather my helm, ſhe loſt her ſhorage-way, broached to, upſet, and overwhelmed, the ſea rolling over and over; recovering from my alarm, without the ſmalleſt hope of eſcaping, I ſwam to my boat, which was laying on her broadſide; with difficulty I got into her, and held her faſt. I immediately pulled off my coat, waiſtcoat, ſhirt, and cravat; this I accompliſhed with much difficulty, being wet.

After this I began to conſider what could be done; no ſail near me; above fifteen miles from the neareſt land; a dreadful hollow, broken ſea running in every direction, and frequently overwhelming me, gave me no hopes of ſaving my life. To ſurrender without a ſtruggle I conſidered weak; the thoughts of my wife and children, which at that period ſtruck my mind very forcibly (I thought I ſaw them,) recollecting the difficulties I ſurmounted, two years before, in ſaving ſome men from a wreck off my houſe, and knowing that they were ſaved from a ſituation as dreadful as my own by the aſſiſtance of Divine Providence, this gave me reſolution and fortitude to exert myſelf; I began to clear away the boat's maſt and ſails, which I accompliſhed at laſt, after being repeatedly waſhed off the boat. When I had cleared the wreck, I got on her gunwhale, and by my weight brought her to right; I got into her, but the violence of the ſeas, and coming on ſo repeatedly, overwhelmed me. The difficulty of regaining my boat againſt ſuch ſeas quite exhauſted me, and the ſalt water affected my ſight ſo that it was ſome time before I could recover my boat.

Looking round for a ſail, and perceiving none, and increaſing my diſtance from land, I began to think it a folly to ſtruggle any longer for a miſerable exiſtence of a few hours; however, the love of life (and hopes of ſome veſſel heaving in ſight) got the better, and I reſolved, to uſe every poſſible means of preſerving it, to continue in the boat. Repeatedly waſhed off, and buried in the waves, I knew could not be much longer ſupported, I muſt give way. I then recollected that fiſhermen, when caught in a gale, frequently let a ſpar or a maſt, faſtened to their boat's painter, go ahead, and the ſpar broke the force of the waves before they came to the boat. Having been by this time above two hours in the water, for I upſet at twelve, I felt myſelf much fatigued, and that it was abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould try ſome ſcheme to relieve myſelf. I accordingly took my boat's painter, paſſed it over and under the after-ſhort, or ſeat of the boat;

in accompliſhing this I was frequently buried under the waves for many ſeconds, and following each other ſo repeatedly, my breath was nearly gone.

At this period ſeveral gurnets (a large ſpecies of ſea-gull) hovered cloſe to me, and were ſo bold as to come within two feet of my head. I ſuppoſe they anticipated a good meal on me; however, by hallooing pretty loud, I convinced them I was not yet dead; they took flight, and I ſaw no more of them. After they were gone, I tried how my ſcheme anſwered; when a heavy ſea came, I got out of the boat and ſwam to leeward, holding by the boat's painter, which I had faſtened to her broadſide, being to the ſea and bottom upwards, the ſurf broke with force againſt her, and only a part came over me. By this means ſaving myſelf from many a heavy ſea, my ſpirits kept up; but alas! when I could diſcover no ſail in ſight, the ſea increaſing, and it drawing towards evening, they began to flag. Struggling through ſuch difficulties, without the ſmalleſt proſpect of being relieved, was but little encouragement for me to perſevere, and being full three hours in the water, I was much weakened: about three o'clock I ſaw two ſail near me, about a mile to leeward; no exertion of mine I knew could make them hear me, ſo made none: beating about for ſuch a length of time, without the good fortune to ſee any ſail approaching, gave me little hopes of ſaving my life, continually waſhed off my boat, and repeatedly obliged, to avoid the ſea breaking, to quit my boat and ſwim to leeward, conſequently diminiſhing my ſtrength; about a quarter after four a brig came within half a mile; hailed her, ſtood as far out of the water as I could, moving my hands, and uſing every poſſible means for her crew to ſee me; I ſucceeded; I ſaw her men go up the main ſhrouds, and the crew ſtand cloſe together, but paſſed me without offering to lend me the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance; this, indeed, was enough for me to ſurrender up a life which was no longer ſupportable; ſuch inhumanity excited in me the ſtrongeſt emotions of anger; but, alas! I had no means of redreſs: I gave up all hopes of being ſaved.

Still further from the land, a gale of wind coming on, the tide carrying me on to Portland Race, I took a valuable diamond watch of my wife's out of my fob, tied it ſecurely round the waiſtband of my trowſers, pulled them off, and tied them round the ſhort of the boat; when I had done this I made a running knot with the painter, intending to put it round me in my laſt moments, that my boat, as the wind was, would be driven near my houſe, or Bridport, and that

my watch and ſeal would lead to a diſcovery of who I was: having done this I became quite indifferent; death was no longer terrible, and as I ſaw no chance of being ſaved, I ſat quietly in the boat, patiently waiting for the next wave to put an end to my ſuffering, and immerſed two feet under water, ſtill toſſed about, ſometimes in the boat, ſometimes holding on her bottom, waſhed off, and loſing her for ſeveral minutes; I found that neither my recollection or ſtrength had failed me, for I always raiſed myſelf by treading the water, to diſcover my boat, which, when I did, I ſwam up to: about half after four, experiencing a very hard ſtruggle to recover the boat, I ſaw eight ſail to windward, it was a long time before I diſcovered whether they were ſtanding from me, or towards me; I perceived they were ſtanding towards me; this gave me additional ſtrength and ſpirits; for the firſt time I ſaw a chance of ſaving my life, and that Providence had watched over me through all my ſtruggles: at five three or four ſhips paſſed me without ſeeing me, or being able to make them hear, the ſea running high and breaking violently; three more paſſed me cloſe to windward, my voice being too feeble to be heard.

I reſerved my ſtrength for the only two of the eight that had not paſſed me; a brig came by, I hailed her, lifted up my hands, and fortunately I obſerved they ſaw me, for her men went up aloft to ſee what I was; they then tacked and ſtood towards me, but did not hoiſt a boat out; this alarmed me; and having ſome hours before paſſed one unfeeling wretch, I almoſt gave myſelf up to deſpair; there was only one more veſſel to paſs, it was nearly dark, a diſmal ſea, and within two miles of Portland Race; if this paſſed me, all was over. I roufed myſelf on this occaſion, and hailed her, ſtood on the boat's bottom, was waſhed off, got on her again, and was again waſhed off; however, life was ſtill deſirable, as long as I ſaw a chance of being ſaved; after ſtruggling again and again, I was diſcovered by ſome of the ſoldiers; I ſaw there was a buſtle on board her; I ſaw men running up the rigging, and ſhortly after a boat let down; at that inſtant I was agitated, my firmneſs ſeemed to forſake me, for I burſt into a flood of tears, and was ſeized with a violent retching from the quantity of ſalt water I had ſwallowed; as the boat approached I recovered; when ſhe came near, the ſea being very high, I deſired them not to come broadſide to, but ſtern on; I untied my trowſers and threw them into the boat, and endeavoured to ſpring in myſelf, but was unable; the crew pulled me in by the legs.

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I was not ſo much exhauſted, nor my recollection ſo loſt, but I was able to ſteer the boat through a heavy ſea, and lay her alongſide, which I did. I was humanely and kindly received by Colonel Jackſon, of the 85th; and the whole crew expreſſed a ſincere and honeſt gladneſs at my providential eſcape; ten minutes more, and ſhe muſt have paſſed, and not the ſmalleſt chance of my exiſting half an hour longer; my limbs benumbed, a violent pain in my ſide, with a dizzineſs in my eyes, and an inclination to ſleep; from the time I upſet to that of being picked up I had been above five hours and a half naked in the water!

The ſhip Middleton came into Portland Roads at about eight o'clock, and at nine Colonel Jackſon attended me to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from whom I received the kindeſt attention; they thought I was irrecoverably gone, ſo did their Majeſties, particularly as Captain Ingram declared he ſaw my boat go down; however, it was extremely reaſonable to ſuppoſe I was loſt, the ſea running high, and breaking in a moſt tremendous manner: he well knew on thoſe ſhoals a boat could not long exiſt, and on the whole a moſt dreadful evening; it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe I was no more.

Their Majeſties, with the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, Lord and Lady Cathcart, Paulet Cathcart; Colonels Defborough and Wynyard; Generals Goldſworthy, Garth, &c. every ſoul, in ſhort, in Weymouth, heartily congratulated me on my providential eſcape; the King and Queen, with their family, on the Eſplanade, expreſſed, in the kindeſt manner, their very ſincere happineſs at my being ſaved.

I was moſt dreadfully bruiſed, extremely weak, and much agitated from the kind ſolicitude my friends ſhewed me.

Tueſday, the 23d of September, went on board the Middleton, Captain Rankin, with Colonel Jackſon, diſtributed fifty guineas among the Captain and crew.

Captain Rankin, 10 guineas and a ſilver cup.

Theſe are the men that ventured in the boat:

John Jones,	-	5 guineas
John Dayly,	-	5 ditto
James Napier,	-	5 ditto
John Woodman,	-	5 ditto

And to the remainder of the crew 20 guineas.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS.

For OCTOBER, 1800.

GERMANY.

FROM Vienna the very intereſting intelligence is received of the reſignation of Baron Thugut, who had in fact diſcharged the duties of Prime Miniſter, ever ſince the death of Prince Kaunitz, and has been conſidered as ſtrongly favouring the proſecution of the war. Count Lehrbach, who ſucceeds him, was always his partiſan; they have conſtantly adopted the ſame ſyſtem. A change of perſons did not, therefore, neceſſarily involve a change of principles; but it is certain, at leaſt, that they propoſe to change their means, if they do not change their object. M. de Thugut did not wiſh, it is ſaid, for peace with the republic upon the baſis propoſed, and he did not wiſh to make it ſeparate from England. He always refuſed, however, to admit into his calculations, for the continuance of the war, any hopes of new aſſiſtance from Ruſſia. He pronounced decidedly againſt Suwarrow, and did nothing either to calm his reſentment, or to retain his troops in the coalition. If the nomination of Count Lehrbach adds nothing to the hopes of peace in Germany, that of Count Cobenzel, for the conferences at Luneville, is in general conſidered as a happy omen. They aſſert on the other hand at Vienna that Thugut is not diſgraced, but that he gave in his reſignation. He is conſidered as the only perſon capable of entering into the ſpirit of Auſtrian policy. Lehrbach is only accounted as an able executor of the forms of its diplomacy.

FRANCE.

On the 6th of October the Miniſter for Foreign Affairs delivered to the Firſt Conſul the convention ſigned the firſt of that month between the French and American miniſters, and this event was announced by a diſcharge of cannon. The Firſt Conſul proceeded to Mortfontaine with his family on the 6th of October, where he was joined by the two other Conſuls, all the miniſters, the members of the *corps diplomatique*, the counſellors of ſtate, the preſidents of the ſenate, of the legiſlative body, and tribunate, and ſeveral perſons formerly in the ſervice of the United States, among whom was General La Fayette. There was a ſumptuous entertainment provided on the occaſion, after which the Firſt Conſul gave the following toaſt, "To the manes of the French and

and Americans who died on the field of battle for the independence of the new world."

SPAIN.

A more dreadful enemy than even an hoſtile army has invaded a part of the Spaniſh dominions. We are ſorry to learn by letters from Cadiz of the 5th of September, that the mortality in that city has been much greater than there was reaſon to ſuppoſe. The epidemic diſorder, or as ſome ſuppoſe it, the plague, which prevails there, carried off no fewer than 3600 perſons between the 18th of Auguſt and 5th of September, on which day 207 perſons died. The diſorder generally carries off thoſe whom it attacks on the third or fourth day. The firſt ſymptoms are a pain in the limbs and bones, and violent vomitings. About 30,000 inhabitants have fled the city, about 40,000 remain in it. No perſon is now ſuffered to leave Cadiz, and a cordon of troops is drawn along the peninſula, to prevent all intercourſe with the country.

RUSSIA.

The conduct of the Emperor Paul continues to be extremely equivocal; for, while he is aſſembling two large armies in Volhynia and Lithuania, amounting together to 130,000 men, apparently to ſupport our ally the Emperor of Germany in his renewed oppoſition to the French, he had iſſued from Riga an edict laying an embargo on all Britiſh property in Ruſſia on account of the late detention of the Daniſh convoy. The embargo proviſorily laid on Engliſh ſhips in the Ruſſian ports is, however, ſince taken off, in conſequence of information being received, that the differences between Great Britain and Denmark are amicably ſettled for the preſent.

A Ruſſian fleet of 25 ſail of the line, and a proportionate number of frigates and cutters, is fitting out at Peterſburgh to cruize in the Baltic.

MALTA.

Notwithſtanding the boaſts of France, that this iſland was ſufficiently victualled for many months, it was, on the 5th of September, compelled by famine to ſurrender; the terms of the capitulation were moderate and honourable. It is needleſs to deſcant on the importance of the acquiſition.

EGYPT.

EGYPT.

It is reported, and with an appearance of probability, that a part of the Britiſh troops are to act in this country, and that they have paſſed Gibraltar on their paſſage thither.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The ſcarcity of proviſion more than any other ſubject occupies the mind: the King, in conſequence of numerous petitions, has convoked the Parliament for the 11th of November, in order if poſſible, to remedy this growing and alarming evil.

Anecdotes of the late celebrated Profeſſor Michaelis, of Gottingen.

By one of his Diſciples.

AT many of the German univerſities, it has long been a faſhion among the ſtudents, to be continually ſurrounded with an unſuitable number of dogs.

At Gottingen eſpecially had this indecorous practice become prevalent: to bring at leaſt one dog into the lecture-room, was conſidered an indiſpenſable mark of diſtinction for a young ſtudent of rank and fortune. The profeſſors had expreſſed their diſpleaſure at it, eſpecially Putter and Michaelis: the former was particularly expert in hurling down by a well aimed kick of his foot, ſuch of the canine intruders as chanced to aſcend his profeſſional pulpit, ſo that they flew howling far beyond the ſeats of the auditors: the latter could not do this, as he delivered his lectures ſitting only behind a table.

He, however, frequently expreſſed his indignation, and ſaid, "Can you be anſwerable to me, and the other auditors, if any of theſe dogs ſhould be going mad, and the madneſs break out juſt in this place, that he ſhall not bite one of us, and thus cauſe our death, or at leaſt the loſs of our reaſon? It would be better if at home you prepared yourſelf for the lecture, inſtead of loſing your time, by amuſing yourſelf with your dogs. And if you have much bread left, are there not many poor people to whom you may give your ſuperfluity, and who will be thankful for it? But the dog is merely your paraſite. The firſt dog that cauſes here any diſagreeable diſturbance, I ſhall kill with my own hand." And an

opportunity ſoon after occurred to put his threat in execution.

Whether it happened in the winter of 1778 or 1779, I cannot now with certainty recollect. During a very ſevere froſt at that time, a Livonian Baron had brought a greyhound with him into the lecture-room. The profeſſor, as uſual, ordered a good fire to be kept up: the warmth was very agreeable to the dog, who lay ſtretched out under the almoſt red-hot ſtove. But ſoon the animal was convulſed, and began to howl, to pant, and to foam at the mo uth. One of the auditors exclaimed, "The dog is mad!" At once a dreadful death-ſilence reigned throughout the lecture-room, and diſmay ſat on every countenance. Suddenly one half of the auditors thronged towards the door; ſome flew up the ſtairs to the loft; others hurried precipitately into the ſtreet, and loſt their ink-ſtands, hats, and cloaks. The greater part jumped upon the tables, and prepared, as well as they could, for defence; and there I too took refuge. Michaelis alone ſtood before his table, undaunted, like a man; held with uplifted arms in both hands a huge folio, (I believe it was Norden's Travels through Egypt,) ready to be hurled at the foe, and ſmiled at our timidity. With unaverted eye he obſerved the motions of the animal, and, having watched an opportunity, marched, as uſual, with a firm ſtep out at the door: but immediately returned with a ſervant holding a drawn ſword in his hand, and ordered him to kill the furious animal. Immediately one of the ſtudents exclaimed, "Hold! its a pity to kill the dog."—"To whom does it belong?" aſked Michaelis.—"To me!"—"Well then, take your favourite in your arms, carry him out, and give him ſome water."—He was extremely unwilling to comply with this order, but his oppoſition was of no avail: The ſtudent was obliged to retire with his patient. When he was gone, Michaelis ſaid with a ſmile, "That gentleman is a great genius indeed! he ſhould be employed in ſecret expeditions, for he has his heart upon his tongue."

He then made uſeful reflections and applications, ſhewed us how with only his folio he would have been able to defend himſelf, and related to us the following incident: "During my travels, when I was one day walking by the ſide of the Thames, near London, a mad dog, whom they were purſuing, jumped towards me. On this ſide of me was the Thames, on that another water; it was impoſſible to eſcape from the animal, except by jumping into the water, which I accordingly did without much heſitation."

Some

Some of the ſtudents had one night broken his windows with ſtones, for the purpoſe of having ſome *fun* at the expence of the profeſſor in the morning.* But Michaelis did not wait till morning, but had the windows mended in the night. What he had expected happened. The perpetrators of this blackguard deed, who came early in the morning to divert themſelves, paſſed by diſappointed, chagrined, and aſhamed. But Michaelis opened his window, and in a friendly manner ſaluted them. From that time no one ever threw ſtones at his windows.

In the winter of 1781 there was ſo little ſnow, that the ſtudents could not enjoy their uſual diverſion of making excurſions on ſledges. Some Engliſhmen, however, would not leave unemployed the bells and decorations they had purchaſed at a great expence. They accordingly hired two-wheeled cabriolets, and had the tinkling apparatus put on the horſes. Thus they drove through the town in the midſt of the rain. Michaelis was juſt reading his lectures, and he, as well as his auditors was aſtoniſhed at hearing the unexpected winter-muſic, as they drove paſt his houſe. He roſe very calmly from his ſeat, looked out at the window, and ſaid with a ſmile, "'Tis the foreign birds of paſſage. The ſtorks are travelling after the dog-days!"

* This blackguard practice is ſtill ſo common at ſome of the German univerſities, that "Broken-windows" are a ſtanding article in the treaſurer's accounts.

REFLECTIONS.

ADVISE with friends, conſult with phyſicians; but be your own doctor and adviſer. Well has King Charles expreſſed himſelf on this ſubject. "I am not ſo confident of my own ſufficiency, as not willingly to admit the counſel of others; but yet I am not ſo diffident of myſelf as brutiſhly to ſubmit to any man's dictates."

Where there is wiſdom there will be good temper, calmneſs, and cheerfulneſs.

Where true wiſdom is, there ſurely is repoſe of mind, patience, dignity, delicacy. Wiſdom without theſe is dark light, heavy eaſe, ſonorous ſilence.

A complete hypocrite is a good reſemblance of complete honeſty.

AN ANECDOTE.

MR. WELTJIE, the excellent cook, who died a few weeks ſince, was by birth a German, and formerly ſold cakes and gingerbread about the ſtreets. By ſome means he got recommended to the Prince of Wales, received the appointment of chief cook and clerk of the kitchen, and ſoon became purveyor to Carlton-Houſe and the Pavilion at Brighton, in which ſituation he acquired a conſiderable fortune. Some years ago his daughter having taken a liking to a young cook, the ſubordinate of Weltjie, ſhe married him, which greatly excited the indignation of her father, who preferred his complaints to his royal patron. He repreſented, with great indignation, the diſgrace and degradation of *his* family by ſo humble an alliance, and warmly ſolicited the diſmiſſal of the offender. The good ſenſe of his patron ſaw the matter in a very different light, which induced him to obſerve, that the inequality was not ſo great as to outrage the feelings, or wound the pride, of a man who could not entirely forget his own former ſituation. He was, therefore, adviſed to make the beſt of the affair, and reconcile himſelf cordially with his ſon-in-law and daughter. Inſtead of prudently adopting this counſel, the enraged father perſiſted in urging the diſcharge of the offender againſt the *dignity* of *his* family, threatening to conſign both huſband and wife to indigence; to prevent which, the illuſtrious perſon alluded to diſcharged Weltjie himſelf, and put the ſon-in-law into his lucrative ſituation.

Anſwer, by J. M. Jun. of Poole, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 11.

CORN decorates the fields with yellow hue;
But winter's ICE preſents a different view:
Then ſitting by the fire in chearful glee,
The CORNICE, Sir, you very plain may ſee.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; G Andrews, and W. Sherwill, of Modbury; G. England, of Uplyme; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. Sydenham, and R. Baker, of Poole; J. R. Toulmin; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; T. Coumbe, of Stonehouſe; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; T. Whicker, of Exeter; J. King, and Alexis, of Kingſbridge; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; W. Bick-

ham, jun. of Aſhburton; W. Maddick, of Rattery; G. Hazel, of Clovelly; and T. Taylor, of Bridgewater.

Anſwer, by G. Andrews, of Modbury, to W. Rennel's Charade, inſerted September 1.

WHAT W. R.'s charade doth mean
A COPPER-SMITH will right explain.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; G. England, of Uplyme; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Thomas Webber, jun. of Tiverton; Thomas Coumbe, Stonehouſe; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; W. Sherwill, of Modbury; J. R. Toulmin, of Taunton; and J. King, of Kingſbridge.

A QUESTION, *by T. G. F.*

A Maſon having two cubical pieces of marble, containing exactly 1512 ſolid inches, and being placed ſeverally in his yard, they are found to ſtand upon 164 ſquare inches of ground. Required the ſides of thoſe cubes.

A CHARADE, *by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter.*

MY firſt is, Sirs, a colour bright;
A Scripture name next bring to ſight:
If you aright theſe parts combine
A Corniſh town they will define.

A CHARADE, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

A Colour will with eaſe convey
My firſt unto your mind;
Where dreadful billows foaming riſe
My ſecond you will find.

My whole is where an army paſs'd;
Another tried in vain,
And by the hands of Providence
Fell victims in the main.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines humbly addreſſed to John Hetrell, Eſq. of Exeter, the great Weſtern Corn Importer.

SHALL not the grateful muſe eſſay
To chaunt her ſweet memorial lay?
'Midſt thouſand thankful voices join
To make thy name, Oh Hetrell! ſhine?
With poetry's all-dulcet lays
Tranſmit thy name to future days;
And, while they in amazement gaze,
Shall often bleſs thy bounteous deeds,
That fed and ſtill doth thouſands feed.
Say is not this philanthropy,
That famous balm of miſery?

Hail worthy man! Be mute that tongue
That cannot join my thankful ſong!
All look'd to his importing ſkill,
Look'd, and were help'd—ſuch was his zeal;
Or what I'd yet more clearly call
The impulſe of a noble ſoul.
O'er Iſca's vales ſhall long ſpread forth
Thy name, yclep'd in native worth.
We boaſt great names who Britain's iſle
Have ſav'd from war's deſtructive ill,
And long ſhall bleſs the manes of Howe;
But thou ſhalt long ſtill brighter glow,
For thou our ſtores haſt fill'd with grain,
Haſt fed our babes, and eas'd our pain.

T. WHICKER, *Flute Preceptor.*

Exeter, October 21, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Written extempore by a young Lady of twelve Years old on her favourite Playmate going to Sea for a long Cruize in his Majeſty's Frigate the Fiſgard, of 48 *Guns, Captain Martin.*

BILLY alas is gone,
'Midſt direful war's alarms;
He'll never more return
To claſp me in his arms.

But

But when he went away,
He told me not to mourn;
" Grieve not, my Harriet dear,
" For I ſhall ſoon return."

Away my Billy went,
Without one parting kiſs;
Which made me to lament
The loſs of all my bliſs.

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE HOME.

ADIEU ye happy groves, where once I ſpent
My youthful days in peace and ſweet content!
'Twas in a vale cloſe by a neighbouring wood,
In humble form the peaceful cottage ſtood,
Where I did lead, free from the noiſe and ſtrife
Of city pomp, a happy country life;
At eve, retir'd, with eager hand I took,
From 'midſt my ſmall collection ſome choice book,
Where, in a row were ſeated, round the fire,
Our ruſtic family and aged ſire;
To them I'd read, or tell of foreign news,
Voyage or travel read, which ere they choſe,
Or ſacred author, to increaſe our ſtore
Of ſcripture knowledge, or of days of yore;
Sometimes my flute would entertain a friend,
While we our happy hours in mirth did ſpend;
Sometimes I to a neighbour's houſe would ſtray,
In friendly chat we'd paſs the hours away.
Ah! many a time at Chriſtmas have I ſpent
The evening there in rural merriment;
The flowing can, with ſmiles was handed round,
And many a ſong, with muſic, did reſound;
But now thoſe pleaſing ſcenes of life are o'er,
That time is gone, to be recall'd no more!

T. SADLER.

Ditchling, Suſſex.

ADDRESS *to* CONTENT.

SERENELY temper'd tenant of the ſhade,
Penſively joyous, heav'nly-muſing maid,
Dart beams of comfort on my buſy mind;
Teach me, like thee, to varying fate reſign'd,
In life's worſt tempeſts with the ſurge to riſe,
In thought and action temperately wiſe.

Should fate th' enchanting ſpells of love deſtroy,
Oh! teach me how to ſlight th' unfaithful joy.
Make each deluſion fly its native breaſt,
And the tam'd blood, unagitated, reſt!

Should my ambitious toils, my love of name,
Earn not a whiſper from the tongue of fame;
Should friendſhip ſteal its balmy hand away,
Or ſightleſs fortune make me pity's prey;
In thy ſoft boſom let me ſeek repoſe—
The pillow and the cure of all my woes!